



## Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)



# Beyond the Park



mystery nyc

 124  4  14

## Chapter 1 by -

Just the two of us. In Central Park. Sitting on a bench.

"I noticed you come here everyday..." The man said, setting down the NY Times. He turned and looked at me with questioning eyes.

I shut the lid to my Apple laptop and returned the look. "Indeed, I spend my lunch hour here."

"Any new cases?" he asked, very casually.

I wondered how he knew I was an attorney. "Actually, yes. How did --" The man scooted over and laid his hand atop mine.

"Please, don't bother with questions. I know all about you..." He breathed, leaning closer.

## Chapter 2 by Bentschet



I was taken aback by his presence, and was about to get up and leave. As I recoiled from his breath he casually grabbed my shoulder, preventing my escape. "Don't make a noise. You're in

See more of Story Wars

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

## Create new account

"The new murder case you took on, the one with the psycho and the swords." He was still whispering, and brushed some hair out of my face. He really wanted to keep this boyfriend act up.

"The Samurai murderer?" I asked, remembering the details. The case was crazy, so it had a crazy name. A man with no documentation, no fingerprint matches, no ID, just walked into his neighbor's apartment, killed the owner with a sword, and called the cops on himself. He was arrested and taken into custody without a word.

"What could that have to do with me?" I asked, wondering how a psychotic sword owner could affect me when he was silently sitting behind bars.

"Well everyone thinks he was crazy, right?" He said, hunching forward. "He's not crazy at all. Mentally, I'm sure he's actually pretty smart. While I'm talking about things we were wrong about, here's one more: he's not alone. We thought he was a psycho who killed someone for his own messed-up reasons, but he's got friends. A lot of them, and in high places."

"You're the crazy one." I said, starting to leave. His grip on my shoulder only got stronger, and I was about to shout for help.

"Listen to me!" the man said, flashing a badge to me I did not recognize. "Walk with me to the building over there," He gestured, pointing to a building with a red brick facade. "This park bench is getting uncomfortable, and I don't want to explain everything here." He folded up his wallet, putting the strange badge back in his pocket.

"Well? Are you coming, or would you rather chill with psycho-sword-guy's friends?"

### Chapter 3 by go!den-in-the-mist



He was handsome, really. Looked about my age, too. To others, it did seem like we were quite the couple.

We agreed that if we were to help, he would be my boyfriend who had just come from an expedition. That way, it wouldn't seem suspicious.

I looked at my watch, noticing that my lunch time was up. Just then, an elderly woman and man walked past us. Before I could get up, he held my face and gave me a kiss.

Want to continue reading?  
Create an account

See more of Story Wars

Want to write a fanfiction?

Login

or

Create new account

The stand-up and walk away. I'm not sure if he probably just did that for the show, we'd have to see what happened next.

I touched my cheek, anger boiling. Why hadn't I done something? I'm stronger than that!

It then dawned on me that I *didn't* do anything because he was right. I was in danger.

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

Flag as mature    receive feedback

[Submit draft](#)

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |   

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)